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Ivy Green

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Ivy Green.

A favourite song, sung by Richard Newton, with great applause.]

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green
That creepeth o'er ruined isles,
Of right choice food are his meals
I ween,

In his cell so lane and cold,
The wall must crumbled, the stone
To please his dainty whim, (decay'd
And the mould'ring dust that years
have made,

Is a merry meal for him,
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he —
wears no wings,
And a staunch old hand has he,
How closely he twineth how tigh,
he clings,

To his friend—the huge oak tree,
& sliely he traileth along the ground
And his leaves he gently waves;
As he joyously hung and crawleth
round,

The rich mould of dead men's
graves.

Creeping where &c.

Whole ages have fled, & works
decay'd

And nations have scatter'd been,
But the stout old ivy shall never
fade,

From its hale and hearty green,
The brave old plant in its lone days
Shall fatten upon the past,
For the stateliest buildings man
can raise,
Is ivy's food at last.

MY POOR BLACK BESS.

J. Cadman, Printer, Manchester.

When fortune, blind goddess, she fled my abode,
And friends prov'd ungrateful I took to the road,
To plunder the wealthy, to relieve my distress,
I brought thee to aid me my poor Black Bess.

No vile whip or spur did thy sides over gall,
For none did'st thou need-thou would'st bound
at my call,
For each act of kindness thou did'st me caress,
Thou wert never ungrateful, my poor Black Bess

When dark sable midnight my mantle had thrown
O'er the bright face of nature how oft have gone,
To fam'd Houslow Health, tho' an unwelcome
guest,
To the minious of fortune, my poor Black Bess.

How silent thou'st stood when a carriage I've
stop'd,
And the gold and the jewels its inmates have
drop'd,
No poor man I plunder, nor e'er did oppress,
The widow or orphan, my poor Black Bess.

When argus-ey'd justice did me hotly pursue,
From London to York like lightning we flew,
No toll-bars could stop thee, thou the rivers did
breast, [Bess.
And in twelve hours reach'd it, my poor Black-

But fate darkens o'er me, despair is my lot,
The law des pursue me through eock that I shot,
To save me, poor brute, thou did'st do thy best,
Thou art worn out and weary, my poor Black
Bess.

Hark the bloodhounds, approach-they never shall
have,
A beast like thee, noble, so faithful and brave,
Thou must die my dumb friend tho' it does me
distress,
There, there, I have shot my poor Black Bess.

And in after ages, when I'm dead and gone,
This tale will be handed from father to son,
My fate some may pity, but all will confess,
'Twas in kindness I kill'd thee my poor Black
Bess.

No one can say, that ingratitude dwelt,
In the bosom of Turpin, 'twas a vice he near felt
I shall die like a man, and soon be at rest,
Then farewell for ever, my poor Black Bess.

